



Dennis Sides 1991

DENNIS SIDES

I grew up and was educated in Greenville, South Carolina. I attended Parker High School and received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Furman University. I served in the U.S. Army with Army Intelligence and the Signal Corps, and was recalled for the Berlin Crisis.

My primary education was obtained at the Pine Grove Lake School of Dance. I was taught to dance in the early '50's by Sue Scott Higgins; she was responsible for getting me on the dance floor for the first time. The good ole' days at Harry's Soda Shop and Pine Grove Lake were an appropriate rehearsal for Ocean Drive and Myrtle Beach.

After arriving at the beach in 1954, I immediately came under the misguidance of Billy "Sleepy" Timmerman, Freddie Collins, David Michaels, Ted Whitaker, Toby Long, Don Edwards, Domer Reeves, and Little Griff. While hanging around the beach, we would frequent The Pad, Robert's Pavilion, Sonny's, Spivey's, the Old Beach Club and the Myrtle Beach Pavilion. After partying all night and watching Charlie Porter clean out the "undesirables", I slept in the Wicker furniture at the Twin Tavern Motel. It would take until midday for the Wicker chair marks on my face to disappear. Although too young to "legally" be in a beer joint, I learned to sneak into the clubs (a talent I still possess) to watch such dance greats as Harry Driver and Joan Mabry "strut their stuff", and I would try to pick up a few steps.

For approximately twenty years, I left the dance crowd. I was married in 1963, and am the proud father of two wonderful daughters, Denise and Allison. I returned to Ocean Drive for the first reunion party at S.O.S. - many thanks to Gene "Swink" Laughter for the revival of the dance and the fun. An additional thanks to Buddy Aldret for my sleeping quarters that year - on any army cot! I haven't missed an S.O.S. party since.

I have begun the '90's in true "beach bum" fashion by establishing my S.O.S. residence with "Buck" Holcombe at the exclusive "Buckwheat Manor", and bumming drinks off of Norfleet Jones and Harold Bessent. As my "best running buddy", Cooter Douglas (of the "28 step basic") frequently reminds me, the friendships, the camaraderie, the stories, and the laughs are the things that count - not steps. Like most of the old Shaggers, I spell Shag - FUN!!!

Each S.O.S. provides the opportunity to review our special memories and to create new ones; it has been rewarding to renew old friendships and make new friends. Now, The Shaggers Hall of Fame has given me the honor of becoming one of their own. To be in The Shaggers Hall of Fame, and recognized by your peer group, is a unique privilege. Association with The Shaggers Hall of Fame is a tremendous honor and I feel quite proud to be included in this special group.